

Told by a Washington Detective. "I was disgusted a few days ago at a case I worked up," remarked a detective.

"A young lady who was possessed of considerable money and a number of jewels sent me. She had been robbed of some diamonds valued at several hundred dollars. I finally found all but one pin, they having been pawned. I obtained a description of the man who borrowed money upon them, but for several weeks could not locate him. When I did his handily said that he had left that morning and was going to Baltimore. I watched the depot, and was soon rewarded by seeing the man step out of a hack. I seized his arm and said, 'You are arrested! What for?' He asked in a tone that showed he was much surprised, but greatly frightened. 'That will be explained at the station,' I replied. There was a feminine shriek from the hack and, glancing into the vehicle, I saw it was my fair client. They had just been married and were starting on their wedding trip. I took in the situation at a glance, and then realizing that I was powerless under the new order of affairs, I said: 'I see now that you are not the man I want, and let him go. Then he began to bluster, and taking him aside, I gave him to understand I knew of his robbing the girl to pay the expenses of his courtship, and he quieted down very suddenly.'—Washington Evening Star.

Mr. Irving Trice a Circus Horse. Among the horses tried by Mr. Irving Trice at Don Quixote was a circus steed which inconspicuously knelt down when the band played.

AN OPEN LETTER

From Miss Sechner, of Columbus, O., to Ailing Women.

To all women who are ill—-I afford me great pleasure to tell you of the benefit I have derived from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I can hardly find words to express my gratitude for the boon given to suffering women in this excellent remedy. Before taking the Compound I was thin, nervous, and ill. I was troubled with leucorrhoea, and my menstrual periods were very irregular. I tried three physicians and gradually grew worse. About a year ago I was advised by a friend to try Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did. After using three bottles of the Compound, I was cured of all my troubles. I am now healthy and strong. I can find words to express what a Godsend they have been to me.

Whenever I begin to feel nervous and ill, I know I have a never-failing physician at hand. It would afford me pleasure to know that my words had directed some suffering sister to health and strength through some of the excellent remedies.—MISS MAY SACHNER, 348 1/2 E. Rich St., Columbus, O.

HOME SEEKERS' EXCURSIONS

—VIA THE—

"Banner Route."

Wabash Line

SEPTEMBER 20 AND 21, OCTOBER 4-5-18 AND 19, 1897.

From All Principal Stations,

TO POINTS IN THE

Southwest, West & Northwest

Round trip tickets for these Excursions will be sold at LOW RATES. For full particulars, apply to the Ticket Agent, or to the Wabash Line, at St. Louis, Mo., or to the Ticket Agent, at St. Paul, Minn.

C. S. CRANE, G. F. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS.

Circular and sample tickets all published. Move 200 copies sold. Price, 25 cents. Write to the publisher, 210 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo.

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THE BEST BOOK EVER PUBLISHED. More than 200 recipes. Over 125,000 copies sold. Price, 25 cents. Write to the publisher, 210 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS. 32 and 34 East 14th St., New York.

Positions Secured

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Indianapolis Business University

49th and 5th Sts., Indianapolis, Ind. Write to the publisher, 210 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo.

\$12 to \$35 PER WEEK

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PENSIONS

Write Capt. O. F. HARRIS, Pension Agent, Washington, D.C.

25c SAMPLE FREE. Send postal to the publisher, 210 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS

Write to the publisher, 210 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo.

GET RICH

Write to the publisher, 210 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo.

Weighty Words

FOR

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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AN ELECTRIC CHECK-RECEIVER

For Use in Stores and Factories Where Employees' Time Is Kept.

The Scientific American illustrates this ingenious and useful device, which has been patented by a Scotchman. The lower part of a box, of which a transverse section is shown in figure 2, has a drawer divided by a partition into two compartments, one of which has an inclined clock leading to a slot in the lower part of the drawer at the rear. In the top of the box is a time-check-receiving slot, beneath which is pivoted a lever, there being a plate attached to the lower end of the lever, while to its rearward curved upper end is pivoted a bar, at whose lower end is a roller, there being also in the bar a rod on which is a counterweight.

An electro-magnet is supported in the

box, and its armature lever has rearwardly projecting lugs engaged by a bar connected with the curved upper portion of the lever beneath the check-receiving slot. Pivoted in the box is a lever carrying a plate with the words "early," "late," "closed," the extremity of the lever being slotted to receive a curved wire projecting from the bar carrying a counterweight. Figure 3 shows the magnet and indicator.

A conveniently located clock has a dial in which are holes to receive counterweights, which also pass into corresponding holes in an insulated ring at the back of the dial, one hole being opposite each hour mark and another fifteen minutes beyond the hour mark, and pins inserted through the holes into the ring being touched by the hour hand. The insulated ring and the clock movement are electrically connected with the magnet in the casing and a battery.

When the pins are inserted in the dial a check dropped in the slot before the hour for commencing work is passed from the chute to a receptacle on the side of the box, the indicator then exhibiting the word "early." When the hour hand arrives at the hour at which work begins the curved lever beneath the slot is tilted to deflect the check into a compartment of the drawer, the indicator then showing the word "late." But in fifteen minutes after the first contact, when the hour hand reaches the second contact, a check cannot be inserted, and the word "closed" is exhibited by the indicator, the apparatus remaining in this condition until it is reset.

Current Condensations.

Germany has a war footing of 2,700,000 men.

Liverpool has the largest total debt of any town in England.

In the United States forty persons out of each 100 are color blind.

The only colored "ossified man" was Lucius Moore, of Virginia, who first went on exhibition in 1890.

The English language is spoken by only about 125,000,000 persons, while the Chinese is spoken by over 400,000,000.

A few years ago a Miss Tolleson, of Memphis, while suffering from tonsillitis, showed a temperature of 158 degrees.

Sir John Lubbock, the great British naturalist, has made some curious experiments in which he proves that the house fly moves his wings 21,120 times a minute while flying.

One of the English roads that run between London and Edinburgh advertises "magnificent new corridor trains," which are about on a par with the average American ordinary passenger car, with the aside down the center.

The trade of the kidnaper flourishes in Canton, and young girls cannot safely go about without an escort. Recently three girls, accompanied by several maid servants, went to a photograph studio to get their portraits taken. They had been in the shop only a few minutes when seven men broke rudely in, seized the maidens, forced them to enter sedan chairs, which they had in waiting, and carried them off.

C. R. Hay, of Aberdeen, S. D., has a section of fir tree in which is interlocked and partially covered by the head and horns of a Rocky Mountain bison. Below the horns the tree trunk shows a diameter of two feet or more, while above it is gnarled and knotted with several lateral growths. To all appearances the ram had lodged in the fir when the tree was small, and the rigid horns had strangled its growth above and gradually distorted it into a gnarled and knotted shape. It is a genuine natural curiosity.

The Note of Doubt.

The hollowess of the skeptic's praise of death on the ground, for instance, on which such praise is expressed in the famous poem, "Thanatopsis," was admirably exposed once in a remark of the French wit, Eugene Labiche.

Labiche and Emmanuelle Arago were conversing about the hereafter, when Arago said:

"After all, why fear death? Is it not forgetfulness, rest, tranquillity?"

"Oh, no, doubt," said Labiche, "but are you sure you'll be able to enjoy them?"

"How is this?" said the old man, turning to young Bromley with a severe look.

The young man blushed furiously and lifted his hands in protest.

"I'm sure," he stammered, "one of us is mistaken. I asked you, Mollie, to go with my wife in the summer-house, and—"

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OF THE DAYS GONE BY.

Dreams, come home to my heart again, With the memory of the past!

Come, with your pleasure and your pain, And with your hopes too bright to last!

Come from your hidden graves that lie In the beautiful realms of the days gone by.

Come, from your glorious graves that lie In the realms of the days gone by!

I will welcome you again, As once in the halls of Eld, Welcome the pleasure and the pain

For the beauty your brief lives held! Dreams, come out of your secret graves, In the woodland wilds, and the dim sea-caves!

Dreams, come out of your myriad graves, In the wilds and the dim sea-caves!

Ye throng the halls of my heart once more.

With faces and with pain! Oh, faded ghosts of the dreams of yore, The joy comes not again!

Go back to your mournful graves that lie In the shadowy realms of the days gone by—

Go back to your voiceless graves that lie In the realms of the days gone by!

MILLIE AND MOLLIE.

"I've come to ask you for the hand of your daughter," said young Bromley, stumbling to the seat offered him by the girl's father.

"Which one?" asked old Dimmock, the coal merchant, laying down the newspaper which he had been reading and eying the young man curiously.

"Sometimes I think it is Mollie, and again I am sure it is Millie," replied young Bromley, genuinely perplexed.

The old coal merchant looked sympathetically at the young man.

"You can't have both," said he, after an awkward pause.

"They're splendid girls, good enough for anybody," exclaimed the young man.

"Well, I rather think," said the old man, proudly,

"I could be happy with either of them," went on young Bromley.

"I'm disposed to think," observed old Dimmock, "that you have been happy with both of them."

"So they're both of them once," said Bromley, with the pleasant light of recollection in his eyes.

"Well, can't you make up your mind which girl you want to marry?"

The old coal merchant looked at the young man with the fresh color and the bright eyes if he could like to have him for a son-in-law.

Young Bromley did not answer for a moment, and then he said slowly:

"Which do you think should be the better—'Mollie Bromley' or 'Mollie Bromley'?"

Sometimes I've looked at it in this way.

"I don't think there's much to choose," returned the old coal merchant, weighing the question with every desire to be fair.

"You know," continued the young man, "there have been times when I've come to the conclusion that I would like to have 'Mollie Bromley' and in the morning 'Mollie Bromley' has caught my fancy. Mollie; Mollie; Mollie—it's an awful puzzle."

"Of course, you're proposed to one of the girls," inquired his father.

"Yes, indeed," said young Bromley.

"Then that is the girl you want to marry," exclaimed the old man, triumphantly. "Why, it's simple enough, after all. You've taken quite a load off my mind. Which one was it?"

"It was Mollie," said the young man, hesitatingly.

"Mollie! Mollie! Mollie!"

"Yes, papa, we're coming," sounded two sweet, well-bred voices from the shrubbery.

There was a tripping of light feet along the stony walk under the grape vines, and Mollie and Millie bloomed into the room.

"How do you do, Mr. Bromley?" they said together, with the same intonation and the same merry glint in their eyes.

"Mollie! Mollie! Mollie!"

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